Then will ſhe be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What ſtuff's here? pore ſoule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you muſt
Bring a peece of ſilver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry; then if it be your chance to come where
The bleſſed ſpirits, as the'rs a ſight now; we maids
That have our Lyvers, periſh'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we ſhall come there, and doe nothing all day long
But picke flowers with Proſerpine, then will I make
Palamon a Noſegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily ſhe's amiſſe? note her a little further.

Dau. Faith ile tell you, ſometime we goe to Barly breake,
We of the bleſſed; alas, tis a ſore life they have i'th
Thother place, ſuch burning, frying, boyling, hiſſing,
Howling, chattring, curſing, oh they have ſhrowd
Meaſure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or
Drowne themſelves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* bleſſe
Vs, and there ſhall we be put in a Caldron of
Lead, and Vſurers greaſe, amongſt a whole million of
Cutpurſes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with
Child, they are in this place, they ſhall ſtand in fire up to the
Navle, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very greevous puniſhment, as one would thinke, for ſuch a Trifle, beleve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't
Ile aſſure you.

Doct. How ſhe continues this fancie? Tis not an engraffed
Madneſſe, but a moſt thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud Citty
wiffe, howle together: I were a beaſt and il'd call it good
ſport: one cries, o this ſmoake, another this fire; One cries, o,
that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th'other
curſes a ſuing fellow and her garden houſe,
Sings. *I will be true, my ſtars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh.*
Iaylor.

Iay. What thinke you of h
Doct. I think ſhe has a pertu
Iay. Alas, what then?
Doct. Vnderſtand you, ſhe
She beheld *Palamon*?
Iay. I was once Sir, in gre
Liking on this gentleman m
Woo. I did thinke ſo too, an
Pen-worth on't, to give half
She and I at this preſent ſtood
Same tearmes.
Do. That intemprat ſurfeit
Other ſences, they may retu
Execute their preordaind fa
Now in a moſt extravagant v
Muſt doe, Confine her to a p
May rather ſeeme to ſteale in
Vpon you (yong Sir her frie
Palamon, ſay you come to eat
Commune of Love; this will
This her minde beates upon
Inſerted tweene her minde a
And friskins of her madnes;
Songs of Love, as ſhe ſayes *P*
Priſon; Come to her, ſtuck
Seaſon is miſtres of, and ther
Som other compounded odo
Sence: all this ſhall become
Sing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, a
To eate with her, crave her,
Among, intermingle your pe
Into her favour: Learne wha
Companions, and play-phee
Her with *Palamon* in their
Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted
She is in, which is with faſe
This may bring her to eate,
Now out of ſquare in her, i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.